

ABUSE OF POWER

POWER CORRUPTS. IT ALSO PERVERTS.



INCEST

My father...he made me put my hand on his ding ding and made me go up and down...he humped me.

—Unnamed schoolgirl quoted in a Boston Globe article entitled "Child Sexual Abuse: The Crime of the '80s"

You just don't expect that from kin.

—Mother of a three-year-old girl who was raped by an uncle in plain view of rush-hour motorists along Manhattan's FDR Drive in 1991

A list of all my accomplishments, times one hundred, pales before the only real accomplishment: I survived incest.

—Marilyn Van Derbur Adler, 1957's Miss America

He waits for those special moments when mommy's not around. He brings you balloons and Snickers and ice cream. Then he pushes your face into the pillow and pulls down your silky-soft panties. **NO! NO!** You close your eyes and hold your breath and try to count sheep. When you finally open your eyes again, a black silhouette of a nude daddy runs out of the room, his sticky "ding ding" bouncing up and down. You grab a handful of tissues to wipe away all the white "candy water."

Suck down on the ultimate betrayal. Once your daddy shampoos your hair with his cum, can you ever trust anybody again? He crushed your little mind as if it were a chocolate Easter bunny. Dirty girl. How dare you parade that cute, bite-sized ass past him like that?

You spent your formative years riding daddy's cock like a hobby-horse. His prick molded your personality. He stretched you out pretty good. Ruined you for everyone else. Each boy you kiss will remind you of daddy's hot, pickled tongue down your mouth. While your husband fucks you, you're thinking about the time daddy had you pinned to the dining-room table, grimy work pants at his ankles, shoving himself inside you before mommy got home. You'll remember the smell of vegetable soup on his breath. His beer farts and loud commands. He pissed on you after he was done and told you to shower. You showered and showered and showered, but you could still feel daddy's tadpoles wriggling inside you. That night, tears dripped down onto your math homework.

You'll never recover from this, so don't kid yourself. You think the nightmares and bed-wetting are bad—wait until you get older. You'll probably die young, some self-mutilating junkie go-go girl unable to find love. You'll be frigid. Bulimic. You'll count all the pills you own. You'll stand in front of the mirror, slapping yourself in the face. You'll tear out your hair and carve daddy's name into your skin with a penknife. And you will **HATE** men.

Robert Ira Moody, who resembled an obese Jesus, was a man worth hating. According to a judge, he was also "a man who could use some killing...a man the planet can rotate without quite nicely." The depraved mechanic from La Puente, California, forced his wife to become a hooker so he could have some surplus spending dough. Moody once cracked his son Bruce in the head with a wrench and then forbade him from getting hospital treatment. (Bruce wound up in a *mental* hospital.) Moody's oldest daughter Roberta ran away from home when she could no longer endure dad's stinking embraces. Moody's second daughter, Linda, claimed to have been fucked several times by daddy, beginning at age fourteen. When Moody tired of raping Linda, he turned to his third daughter, an eleven-year-old. Robert Ira Moody sure was moody.

He thought his youngest son, Robert Lee Moody, was a little peculiar, especially since Junior had become a born-again Christian. He encouraged Robert Lee to dump Jesus in favor of drugs and porno. (Moody frequently treated the entire family to screenings from his vast adult-film collection.) On the morning of March 18, 1983, the younger Robert was torn from his sleep by the sound of his father smashing his mother's head into a microwave oven. Robert Jr. grabbed a shotgun and sprayed three clouds of buckshot into his father's smelly body, killing him. "I thought God wanted me to do it," he said. He was sentenced to probation plus "two years of missionary work." Thank you, Jesus.



It takes a man of valor to rape his daughters and pimp his wife as Robert Ira Moody did. And only a world-class gentleman would offer his daughter's pussy to a friend. Stanley Hurd fit that description the same way he fit a Coke bottle up his little pumpkin's twat. When Hurd's fifteen-year-old princess left her mother and came to live with daddy in the mid-sixties, he balled her in what seemed like every shitwad motel in Orange County, California. He once pumped his cheese up her danish four times in four hours, which may be a father-daughter land-speed record. What a dad. After a while, Hurd began bringing his drunken buddy along to get sloppy seconds off his little pookie.

Men are such pigs, turning out their wives and daughters as whores. Women are incapable of such evil.

Tell that to the daughter of Chicago's Patricia Brown. In 1993, her mommy sublet the eleven-year-old girl's snatch for fifty bucks, a chunk of crack, and a pair of Bo Jackson sneakers. Tell it to the daughter of Detroit's Susan Barbier, who paid off a crack debt by letting a friend take a crack at her thirteen-year-old girl. Tell it to the SIX-year-old daughter of the Bronx's Shelly Carter, who was paid in cash and crack to hold down the girl's head while men raped and buttfucked her on three separate occasions. So although most incest swivels around the father-daughter axis, mothers can be kid-fuckers, too. And if she stuffs your face between those wineskins she calls tits and buries your nose between her pungent legs, is that so strange? You're eating the pussy which popped you out. You should be used to the smell.

Kodzo Dobosu's Harlem brownstone was said to smell strongly of urine, but if you sniffed around, you may have caught a whiff of the Tabasco sauce he squirted up a daughter's gash or the scalding hot tea he poured on his son's African jewels. Although he plea-bargained his way out of a sex-abuse trial, some of Dobosu's seventeen adoptees told police that he fucked both his sons and daughters. That he encouraged his older children to fuck the younger ones. And that when somebody didn't feel like fucking, he'd beat the fuck out of them. All this from a man the National Father's Day Committee once voted "Father of the Year."

Applying such specious reasoning, Herman McMillan must be Father of the Century. He and his wife Frances lived with at least nine children in a one-bedroom South Bronx apartment. No one seems sure how many kids were born in the apartment, nor how many dead babies McMillan buried along a nearby expressway. McMillan said there were two. The police suspected three. One of McMillan's kids said there may have been four.

Inside his maggotty apartment, McMillan ruled with an iron cock for nearly three years before his arrest in 1989. To keep out the daylight, he nailed plywood boards over some of his windows and covered the rest with cloth. There were no light bulbs nor electricity inside. If you strained your eyes, you may have seen rust and steel and belts and rags and dust and headless chickens. You'd also see children strapped down to beds or handcuffed to metal bars. McMillan bruised them with angry fists and blunt objects. He fed them a diet of protein powder. He butt-raped the boys and cunt-fucked the girls. If they resisted, he'd beat them or hold their heads under water until they surrendered.

For a while, McMillan was able to keep a lid on his private kingdom. Neighbors had seen him coming and going, but they didn't even know he had kids, much less nine of them, until a fire temporarily forced McMillan's litter of children outside. After the fire, the neighbors began to keep an eye on McMillan. One woman whose window faced the McMillans' claimed she often saw candle-bearing phantoms dancing behind the cloth drapes and blurry shadows sacrificing what appeared to be live chickens. Another neighbor says she once peeped outside her window at midnight in winter to see McMillan, a fan of Libya's Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi, shouting, "TEN-hut!" and leading his tattered crew in single-file military formation over the dirty Bronx snow.

Since no one was permitted to leave the apartment, none of the children went to school. By the time they were rescued, McMillan's brood had been so thoroughly insulated from the outside world, they were virtual wolf-children. They were terrified to hear a dog barking for the first time. They didn't know what baseball was. And since they had subsisted on protein powder, they were mystified by their first trip to McDonald's. "I remember one of the girls staring at this open hamburger," said a social worker, "with the tomato on one side and the burger on the other, and not knowing what to do with it."

Herman McMillan fucked up and got careless. If he hadn't fallen more than four grand behind in his rent, city officials wouldn't have been sent out to investigate. He'd still be beating, screwing, and killing his babies. And leading them on midnight marches through the snow, a proud father in a small, lightless world.

Incest is always an option. When your wife zeroes in on menopause, her face leathery like a wart hog's, her ass and tits yanked earthward by gravity, your little girl suddenly looks a whole lot better. So write a note to her teacher, saying she's too sick to come to school today. You're the only tutor she'll ever need. Children learn by being bruised. Treat her like a mule. Club her into obedience with that monster cock of yours. Make her cower as you approach, ten-and-a-half inches behind Mr. Smiley. Let her feel daddy in all his fullness. It hurts you more than it hurts her, but she has to learn. ■

DAY-CARE WORKERS

I know precisely what happened. My two children were sexually abused, used as participants in ritualistic ceremonies, taken into cemeteries, and forced to touch dead bodies....What jury is going to believe nursery-school children were taken to a church where they were surrounded by black-robed, moaning figures and forced to witness a baby being sacrificed?...They knew if the molesters made it weird enough, nobody would believe it.

—Unidentified father of alleged child victims in the McMartin Pre-School case

It's all my fault....I can't get her out of my head. I keep thinking about how it was when she touched me. It felt so yucky.

—Hannah Crowley, a nine-year-old girl molested by teacher Kelly Michaels at Maplewood, New Jersey's Wee Care Nursery

It hurted.

—A five-year-old former student at North Carolina's Little Rascals Day Care Center, describing an incident in which owner Robert "Mr. Bob" Kelly inserted a knife into his rectum

The day-care center provides one-stop shopping to meet the discriminating pedophile's needs: a controlled environment, a position of authority, a captive supply of gullible young minds, the implicit trust of parents and the community...fuck, it's almost perfect. When you're getting paid to do something you love, you almost hate to call it work.

Penetration of preschoolers seems almost incomprehensible. Anal sex seems incompatible with belief in the tooth fairy. And besides, how the hell does it fit?

Here at the day-care center, you'll find coloring books and building blocks and stuffed animals and ruptured hymen. Orange juice and chocolate-chip cookies and anal fissures. Hide-and-seek. Show-and-tell. Grope-and-suck. Everything is corrupted. We've drained the souls out of all your heroes. The Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers fuck you in the ass and mouth. Little Red Riding Hood tests positive for herpes and chlamydia. Kermit the Frog has a bleeding rectum. Winnie the Pooh swallows jif. Speed Racer molests Chim-Chim. Bart Simpson has bruises around his groin. Charlie Brown gets rimmed. Super Mario Brothers felch the janitor.

Here in this cozy setting, amid the shag carpeting and potted plants and throw pillows, is where you'll learn what makes the world spin. This is where we plant the seeds. You'll learn to spell and subtract and read, how to crouch down and grab your ankles and take it in all the way.

This is your primary education. A quick and painful lesson, one you aren't likely to forget. Now bend over and recite your ABC's. Asshole...Blow job...Cunt. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—can you count how many inches? See Spot run. Suck Spot's

cock. We're teaching you one rudimentary factoid: There's no escape once you've been jabbed with the righteous harpoon of power.

It's finger-painting time, children. Now stick your hands between your legs and rub that bright red blood around. Draw a pretty picture of how the teacher stole your childhood on that cot during nap time.

Noticed something strange lately, Mom and Dad? All of a sudden, your little girl begins wetting her bed and shoving a toothbrush up her pussy. She starts crying when you help her get undressed. Won't eat. Curls up in a corner. Can't sleep without the ceiling lights. Has nightmares featuring devils and dinosaurs and dancing naked monsters.

You begin to piece it together—the hidden tunnels, the rabbit mutilations, and the nude bubble baths. The missing Polaroids. The genital penetration with fingernails and pencils. The Satanic sacrifices. The sex games such as "Horsy" and "Naked Movie Star." What you say is what you are—you're a naked movie star! All you have to do is pretend.

The McMartin Pre-School molestation case was either an immense miscarriage of justice or a classic specimen of sex-paranoid parental lunacy. Two costly, exhaustive trials concluded that Ray Buckey and his mom Peggy McMartin Buckey were not child molesters. But they sure as fuck looked the part, especially Ray. He had a soft voice, weak chin, and slit eyes. Ray was a virgin until his mid-twenties, when he met a girl at a UFO convention where he'd been selling pyramids he called "Raydomes." He eloped with her to Nevada's Pyramid Lake, where they were baptized in-the-nude by a silver-miner/preacher. Ray admitted he was a loner. He even copped to having preschool children sit on his lap while he wore shorts without underwear, his balls lolling around beneath all those young asses. But according to the jury, he wasn't a baby-fucker. In 1990, after languishing in jail for almost seven years, Ray Buckey was cleared of all ninety-nine charges originally filed against him and his old hen of a mother.



Two years later, on the opposite coast, and facing even freakier allegations than the McMartins, day-care center owner Robert Kelly was convicted of his own set of ninety-nine charges. Maybe the only difference was a gullible backwoods jury, but Kelly, head muckety-muck at Edenton, N.C.'s Little Rascals Day Care Center, was found guilty despite some obviously implausible kiddie testimony. Former Rascals told the court they had seen houses walking. They testified that Kelly kept elephants in the back of his plumbing van. Even amid yarns about Ninja warriors, deer blood, pirates, and little girls being baked alive in microwave ovens—and surviving without even a sunburn—Kelly was given twelve life sentences.

More convincing than their Saturday-morning-cartoon fantasies, though, were the Rascals' specific statements about sexual abuse at the center. There was multiple corroboration of nap-time sodomy. Seven-year-old girls talked about ass-fucking and "ugly movies" and death threats. Two five-year-old boys said they were force-fed mouthfuls of shit. A baby-sitter testified about a three-year-old Rascal boy who tried to tongue-kiss her and said, "Let's play boyfriend-girlfriend....You take your clothes off and you kiss....You do it with Mr. Bob." And jurors cringed when they pondered the shattered innocence implicit in this brave little boy's statement: "He stuck his finger in my bottom."

The bottoms always seem to get the worst of it. A rank, stocky rhino of a woman named Kelly Michaels shoved knives, forks, spoons, and thermometers up the behinds of an estimated fifty-one wee tots at New Jersey's Wee Care Nursery. She was also found guilty of encouraging lovemaking between the children and of having a wee bit of sex with them herself. And she stuffed a wee bit of shit in their mouths. Even after her arrest, one of her



female victims feared that Michaels would one day leap out of a light bulb and start torturing her again. In 1988, Kelly Michaels had a forty-seven-year prison sentence shoved up her ass.

There have been so many day-care convictions, you almost get over your disappointment that the McMartin clan may not have been guilty. Daniel and Frances Keller, a betrothed Austin day-care couple, were shut down and shipped up the river after a 1991 kiddie "beer-and-sex party." Maryland day-care owner Sandra Craig was found guilty in 1987 of using a stick to poke a six-year-old girl's genitals with such vigor that it caused internal scarring. Gerald "Tooky" Amirault from a Massachusetts day-care dungeon took at least three boys and six girls to a "magic room" where naked adults dressed like clowns and fucked them.

For those who prefer their day-care molestation with a dash of curry, look no further than Kenneth Capoferri, a Krishna devotee who molested at least four of the mini-Krishnas charged to his care at a West L.A. ashram. *Hare Rama!* Even Michael Reagan,

hapless adopted son of former President Ronnie, claimed he was fondled and photographed nude at age seven by a day-camp worker. Thirty-four years after it happened, Michael finally told his famous dad, who said he was "sorry." About what? That he didn't get to see the pictures?

In 1988, a girl was found strangled to death with bruises around her vulva at the Lomita, California, day-care home of Robert and Linda Zieger. The Ziegers' day-care operation was unlicensed. The dead girl was only sixteen months old.

Undoubtedly, part of the problem is poor governmental monitoring of the day-care industry. Clearly, day care needs cleaning up. Establish industry-wide standards. Screen all applicants. If they show signs of being child molesters, fire them.

Maybe that's not such a good idea. Gregory Scott Smith was a hostile day-care supervisor at Northridge, California's Darby Avenue Elementary School. Smith had been especially mean in his dealings with eight-

year-old Paul Bailly.

Smith's zealous disciplining of the child resulted in his dismissal in early 1990.

Two weeks after he was fired, Smith returned to the school grounds. He kidnapped

Bailly, handcuffed him, taped his mouth shut, and drove him to a remote canyon area, where he sexually assaulted the child.

At some point during the tortures, Bailly vomited. Since his mouth was taped shut, he inhaled his own chunks and

choked to death. Before working at Bailly's school, Smith had been fired from another day-care job after forcing two boys to wipe up another child's vomit. Smith reportedly collected news clippings of other child-abuse cases. "He loved kids and a lot of them loved him," said a former employer.

Day care. Sexually sadistic clown characters. Anally invasive Ninjas. Milk, cookies, and gagging to death on puke. It almost makes you want to be a kid again. ■

SCOUTMASTERS

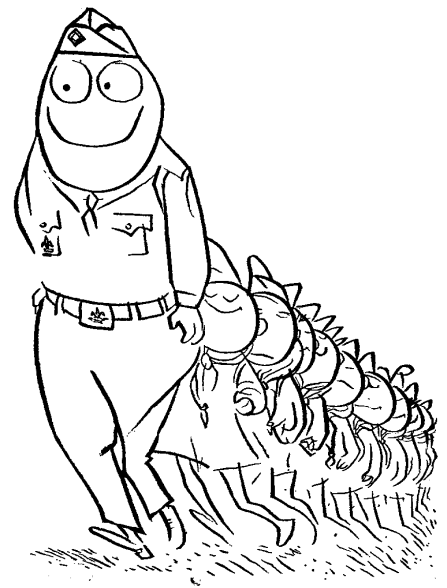
Without the rules, some scouting organizations would become a sex camp [sic] within two years. Even with the rules it will probably happen.

—Internet posting in "rec.scouting"

Be prepared.

—Boy Scout motto

Evening is creeping up. Only a few beams of light snake through the thick woods as you and the troop run breathlessly naked. You told them it was part of their



training, and they believed you. There's Bobby, whose dick you'd like to tie into a square knot. There's also Tommy, whose squirrel-cheek ass makes you want to practice anal archery. And Raheem's precocious love-timber hangs lower than a neckerchief. So young. So tight. So fast. You're a lot older and a little slower, lagging five or six paces behind them. Their parents, though, are a hundred and fifteen miles away. You're gonna fuck a Boy Scout tonight!

As you're roasting marshmallows alone with your favorite scout, tell him about the hallowed American custom of campfire circle jerks. Infuse your ghost stories with man-boy erotica. Squeeze his nuts and remind him about his obligation to God and country. When you're drilling him deep, it's your scoutmaster's duty to tell him about this great nation, how we killed the Indians and slaves, about the Manifest Destiny which allows you to traverse his stinky little Continental Divide. Good thing you packed that first-aid kit, because he may need some cotton to absorb the blood flow.

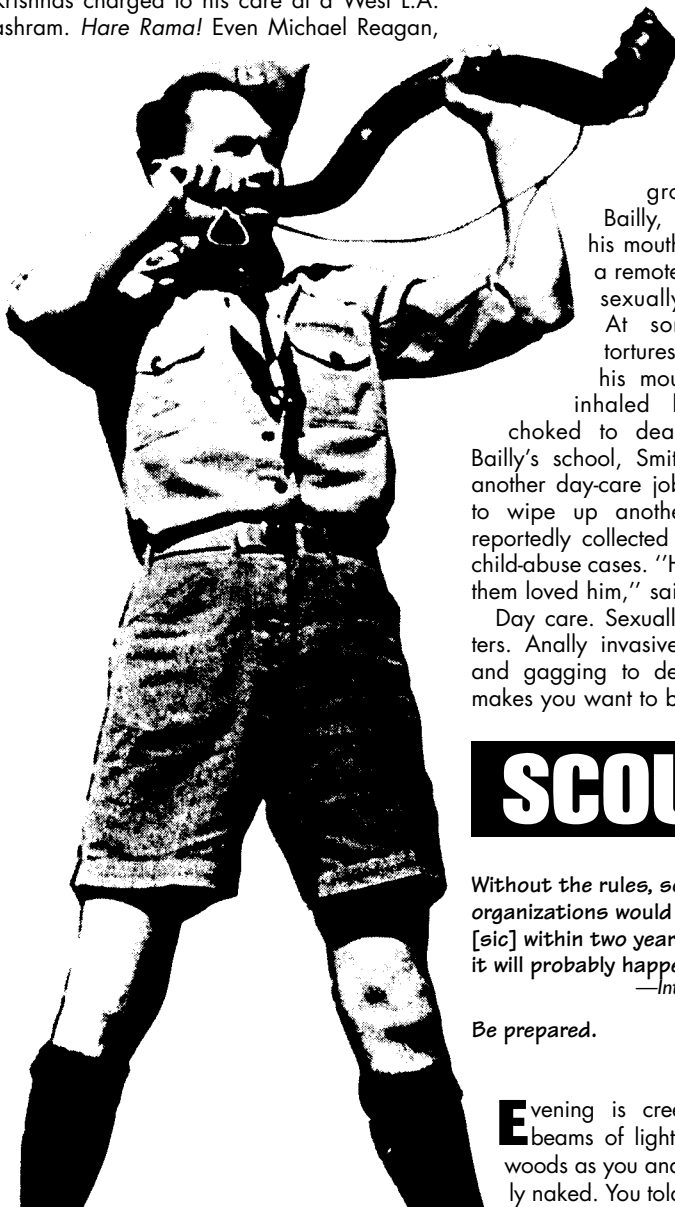
To my knowledge, the Boy Scouts of America do not yet offer a merit badge for sodomy. But it may be worth considering.

There is an undeniable homoerotic component to the concept of men and boys "enjoying nature" together. And

the scouting argot is laced with double entendres: Tent-pitching. Rubbing sticks to start fires. Explorer Posts. The "Arrow of Light" ceremony. Backpacking. Weenie roasts.

According to one lawyer's estimate, approximately eighteen hundred scout counselors were dismissed between 1971 and 1991 on suspicion of "camping out" beneath the olive-drab shorts of their young wards.

Scouting's patriarch, Lord Baden-Powell, was said to get his jollies from watching young boys skinny-dipping. Although he



spoke contemptuously of female nakedness, he reputedly enjoyed photos of nude men. Over several years of his adult life, Baden-Powell "bunked" with a man named Kenneth McClaren. The Father of Scouting apparently dug being surrounded by the shaved-anus aroma of unrefined maleness.

But if modern-day scouting is, as one victim's lawyer put it, "a magnet for pedophiles," you can't blame the organization. It's just the nature of the biz: Soliciting adult volunteers to lead adolescent males on wilderness treks is only a step shy of providing free amyl nitrite and ass-jelly. How odd—*queer*, even—that busloads of adolescent males in military uniforms would appeal to the pedophilic mentality. It's like asking a heroin addict to baby-sit your poppy field. Simply put, joining the Boy Scouts is a wonderful way to scout for boys. You're the master. Happy scouting.

Scoutmasters serve as surrogate fathers, teaching young men the things a dad usually does. Proper grooming habits. Clean thoughts. Serving the community. Maintaining high ethical standards in your personal and professional dealings. Taking a dick in the mouth without complaining.

Although sexually abusive scoutmasters constitute a statistical minority, it is nevertheless a creative one. Dave Aiken, former fearless leader of Troop 21 in Coconut Grove, Florida, used to juggle scout-nuts while demonstrating first-aid "pressure points." Aiken also lovingly applied blobs of jock-itch ointment to countless boys' itchless groins. Having successfully dissuaded parents and other adults from getting involved in Troop 21's activities, Aiken was able to frolic through the weenie-fields virtually unsupervised. He established something he called the "Pacesetter Awards," where he'd choose a lucky winning scout and whisk him away to national and international destinations. Safe in a hotel room, Aiken would then show the lad the full northward slant of his Boy Scout compass. Over a sixteen-year scouting career, it's impossible to determine how many rectums Aiken left achin'.

Through nineteen years as a scout leader, East Los Angeleno Joel Lachica excelled at the art of child-rearing. His idea of "rearing" consisted of dispensing unneeded enemas to thirteen-year-old boys and watching the loosened shit-crust splurt out in foamy brown fountains, but who's to question authority?

Certainly not the eleven-year-old Sea Scout who in 1989 was strung up and padlocked in a "groin-and-torso harness" designed by Northern California scout-masturbator Charles Stenger, Jr. Aroused by the sight of little boys wearing genital-constricting accouterments, Stenger had been bridling kids' testicles as far back as 1971, when police investigating molestation charges against him discovered several groin harnesses—as well as at least one leopard-skin jockstrap—in his home.

Groin harnesses and leopard-skin athletic supporters—sounds like a Madonna video.

Now I know where Ol' Golden Snatch gets her ideas—in 1987, nearly four years before she debuted her film of the same name, a scout-maestro named Craig Mathias was playing a game called "Truth or Dare" with little boys during slumber parties at his California home. Whereas the Stinky Diva deep-throated a soft-drink bottle in that unforgettably tender filmic moment, Mathias encouraged his troop members to wrap their lips around his scoutwurst.

As stated before, you can't fault the Boy Scouts of America. Any time you seek to pair adult men with male youngsters of the nocturnal-emission age, some boy-lover is just waiting to fill the slot. Other boy-positive organizations besides Scouting USA have had similar woes. David B. Harrington, a former "Big Brother of the Year," was found guilty in 1987 of tweaking six Little Brothers' frankfurters. Richard Ausch was a Boys Club volunteer who was convicted of raping a nine-year-old he'd taken to Universal Studios. In his defense, Ausch offered one of the best alibis of any sex offender ever: "I have never sodomized a boy in my life...not even in Las Vegas."

It's a selfless man who volunteers as a boy's companion. Apparently, it isn't only food which tastes better in the great outdoors—semen does, too. So back to Eden: a symphony of crickets, a sky full of stars, and some eleven-year-old munching on your bone as if it were a sparerib. A boy's life is a happy life. Scout's honor. ■

COPS

You're a pretty girl. You don't belong [in jail]....I have a suggestion, but you might not agree with me because I'm a naughty boy.

—Statement allegedly made by Florida police officer James Chesson in 1991 before raping a woman he'd arrested

He dropped his gun. He dropped his belt. He dropped his pants and crawled in and raped her.

—Mother of a woman raped in the back of a police van in 1992 by Akron officer Hassan Sharif



We'll change that.

—San Diego police officer and "beach rapist" Henry Hubbard, Jr., responding to a fourteen-year-old victim's claim of virginity

You have a firm butt. Do you work out?

—Remark allegedly made in 1991 by St. Paul, MN, officer Michael Kveene to a female co-worker before Kveene reportedly pinched her ass

You know, I can get in a lot of trouble for this. I could lose my job, my wife, and I could go to jail for a long time....I got what I wanted. You got what you wanted....Can't nobody know about this. Nobody. Not your best friend. You better not tell anybody. Deal?

—Statement allegedly made by Florida police officer James Chesson in 1991 after raping a woman he'd arrested

Police are given more power than any human being deserves. I must admit that I'm jealous. A license to kill must pack quite a buzz. It must feel divine to split someone's skull open in the name of the common good. No high like it, ma'am.

I've been driving alone in this squad car for too many nights. A 9mm Beretta in my holster. A shotgun by my side. A tumor in my brain. A new set of handcuffs. I know every dirt road and empty warehouse in this squalid precinct. I'm well-trained. Believe me when I say I know how to torture you. How to plant evidence. How to frame your brother for murder. I learned a lot in sixteen years on the force. So you can go along easy. Or I can club you so hard you won't be able to put a sentence together again.

I'm sick of busting you pale, low-grade, plebeian cunts. You're worthy only of getting your jaw crushed under my sour leather boot. You do what I say, understand? Get down on the ground. DOWN! Put your hands out where I can see them. DO IT! Alright, keep still. Do so much as wrinkle your nose, and I'll blast.

It's your word against a cop's, lady. I can be very nice if you cooperate. If you don't, I can be one real mean somfabitch. I can write you up a citation, or you can suck it out of me. You can go to jail, or you can ride my rail. Frankly, I'm pretty good at sex, so I think you'll enjoy it. But if you won't spread 'em for me, I'm sure there's some prison guard who'll split you apart like a chicken wing. If you don't like the smell of these balls, wait until you've tongued the scrotal cheese of your twelfth or thirteenth jail guard. So suck now or suck later. I don't really care. I'll get some other roach-bitten whore to do it. There's thirty or forty dirty girls like you walking this hotel strip, and you're all guilty of something. Your mouths all feel the same, too.

I put in forty hours a week of violent delirium. It's like crashing into a brick wall over and over again. Bullets. Wads. It's the

same kind of release. Your libido gets sharpened by the constant threat of death. All the people begging you for favors. And all the temptation. Filthy heaps of money and crack and bullets and pussy. You get to see how things really work, and it leaves no room for idealism. I had a partner who stole eight hundred grand and fled to Malaysia. Another one who has three houses and four boats. So in the grand scheme of things, some runaway speed freak with a father complex isn't worth much. Take it and break it. Then throw it away.

When California Highway Patrol officer George Gwaltney was sentenced to ninety years in federal prison, it was said that he had "betrayed his badge," although you could argue he'd merely taken full advantage of it. On a January night in 1982, in the haunted Mojave Desert north of Barstow, he pulled a car over for speeding. Its driver was Robin Bishop, twenty-three. She was driving



on her way back home to Vegas, where she was hoping to make it as a dancer. She wouldn't make it. Gwaltney, a father of five, handcuffed Bishop and drove her to a rarely traveled strip of California 91. There was nothing for miles besides Gwaltney, Bishop, and cactus silhouettes. The desert is beautiful at night. One man, one law. Handcuffed and squirming, Bishop felt Gwaltney's long "arm" plunge deep inside of her. She then felt a .357 Magnum bullet exploding into the back of her head, the last thing she ever felt.

Police departments across the nation are only now beginning to appreciate the breadth and severity of violence toward women in our culture. As head of the domestic-violence unit for the Medford, Massachusetts, police department, Lieutenant Robert "Buster" Longo had seen the dark side of love, heartbreak mixed with blood. When a dispirited Catholic woman, a mother of five, came to Longo seeking a restraining order against her battering husband, Longo could feel her pain. He began dropping by her house to check if she was OK. Over coffee, he started rubbing

his dick and instructing her to play with herself. Then came the obscene phone calls. Then, on a July night in 1992, he kidnapped her as she was carrying groceries and forced a rubber ball into her mouth so she'd keep quiet. He drove to a forested area and raped her several times. While fucking her, Longo alternated between making death threats and pledging eternal love.

Highly decorated San Diego "supercop" Henry Hubbard, Jr., was another one who liked to talk while he raped. "Why don't you get into it a little bit?" he urged a thirteen-year-old girl while sticking it to her on a dark, unsupervised beach. Her girlfriend, fourteen, had also been raped. Hubbard had commanded the girls to tie up their male companion, who watched helplessly while his girlfriends got fucked in the cold sand. Wearing a ski mask and clad entirely in black, Hubbard had leapt out of the blackness and caught the trio unawares. That was Hubbard's pattern during a series of at least seven nocturnal rapes along unlit beaches in the summer of '91. He pounced on unsuspecting couples or trios who were taking moonlit strolls. Barking out military-style commands to the girls, Hubbard forced them at gunpoint to bind the males hand-and-foot with duct tape. He'd then fuck them in full view of their lovers.

"It escalated in each case," said a detective who investigated Hubbard's crimes. "Each one was a little kinkier. He would push a little harder, take a little more risk....It did not appear that he was being satisfied. Especially near the end." If Hubbard hadn't been caught, theorized the detective, he would have started murdering his victims. Think of all those beautiful California beaches stained with blood.

Debbie and I have always dreamed of being cops, cruising the urban anus in our squad car together, beating up people indiscriminately. We'd thrash them merely for asking us directions. Officers Jim and Debbie Doberman. An interesting sub-genre of police-as-rapists is the husband-and-wife tag team. Don and Pat Dube were a married pair of swingin' Massachusetts law-enforcers. For two years ending in 1984, they'd drive their sexy police cruisers to the home of two girls, aged eleven and twelve. They'd enter the girls' house wearing full uniforms. But that starched blue material can be so constricting. So the Dubes got nude. Pat Dube showed her boobs. Don Dube lubed his tube. The Dubes were convicted of raping the two girls, both of them pre-pube.

There's a dusky little ghetto flower, can't be bigger than four-foot-ten, eighty or ninety pounds, laying unconscious with a syringe sticking out of her arm. She's still breathing, though. Wet puke chips slide off her face. Who would know if I took her right here and now? Who would care? Who would even believe it? Nobody. Certainly not a jury of my peers. That's what I love about being a cop—the pay ain't so good, but you can't beat the benefits. ■



It isn't wise to question the doctor. There's a drugstore at his fingertips. He can render you incontinent or a drooling retardate with only a pinprick. And it's hard to fight when you're hanging in these stirrups.

His eyes get foggy and he throws back his head. You peel open the curtain and see his "speculum," with the girth of a soda can and sheathed sausagelike in a condom, shoveling its way inside you. You hear him gasp and see his balls constrict with each spurt of his medical waste. He steps back and unrolls the "evidence" before disappearing into another room.

You'd sue him if you didn't depend on him for birth-control pills. And if he hadn't hooked you on codeine. And if he wasn't able to tell your parents about those two abortions. And if you could afford the type of lawyers he can. But none of these conditions apply. So you'll see him next week.

In 1992, at least one hundred and twenty errant M.D.s in the U.S. were censured for fondling and fucking their patients. In a poll which assured anonymity, almost one in ten physicians 'fessed up to taking sexual liberties with their patients' bodies. It isn't hard to see why. The medical practitioner's physical advantages—white lights, table straps, and a BIG needle—allow him easy access to the pootie. Pass out and make love to me.

It was such mastery over the human body which permitted California gynecologist Glenn C. Millar to sew his wife's vagina shut "so you'll never screw around on me again." It was this cold fusion of knowledge and scalpel which allowed Dayton gyne-terrorist James Burt to perform his unsolicited "Surgery of Love" on an estimated hundred and seventy cunts over fifteen years. Promising women that his unique surgical technique would enhance their sex lives and make them "horny as mice"—or, in some cases, not even notifying them about the procedure—Burt tore open rectal muscles, circumcised clitorises, realigned urethras as if they were Habitrail tubes, and snipped away at internal vaginal tissue. "This love surgery will make you feel like a sixteen-year-old virgin," he told one of his love hamsters. "If it doesn't, there's something wrong with you psychologically."



DOCTORS

His typical method was to anesthetize a female patient about to undergo surgery, and then, while the patient was unconscious and with other doctors and nurses present, [Dr. William Eugene] Miofsky would insert his penis into the patient's mouth and manipulate it so as to masturbate himself until he ejaculated into her mouth.

—California Sex Crimes

He pushed in one more time and tears rolled down my face....He left and I got dressed. When I was getting dressed, I took the paper sheet and wiped so much crap from between my legs, it wasn't funny. I looked at it, felt it, [and] let some dry on my fingers. It looked just like, felt just like, and dried just like male discharge that I'd wipe from myself after having intercourse with my husband.

—Victim of Wyoming physician John Story, quoted in "Doc": The Rape of the Town of Lovell

She was attractive, and again that old fantasy sort of hit. The opportunity was right there, and it just takes a split-second to get aroused.

—Dr. Kenneth Ake, an Anchorage physician who pleaded guilty to raping five of his patients, including a woman who was eight-and-a-half months pregnant

Sex is the best exercise. If you were having good sex, you wouldn't need diet pills.

—Indiana family physician Young Soo Koo as quoted by a female patient

No one would respect human life if they'd seen as many nude bodies as you have. The meat and bones and hair and fluids blur into each other. You notice the similarities in configuration. The interchangeability. The low, low price. Sure, they have feelings and dreams, but those things die as soon as the body does.

And it always does. You've seen long-distance runners deteriorate into cancer-plagued shit-bags. You've tickled ten thousand prostate glands in your time. You've done even more pelvic exams, most of them unnecessary. It's one bovine hysterectomy candidate after the next. A grinding treadmill of dying bodies. Racks and racks of meat flying past you like suits at a dry cleaner's. Not much impresses you after a while. They all look the same under anesthesia.

A spike of morphine in the ass to get her "drunk." Disposable paper curtain for "modesty." The snapping sound of latex and a squirt of petroleum jelly. She's strapped in and waiting. Her pussy is just...hovering there, begging for your personal vaccination. This is standard procedure, my dear. Just probing for lumps. Tell me if this hurts....How about this? Take a deep breath....UNNH! How about that? Did that hurt? It did? Good, now we're making progress.

You, the patient, lie back and stare at the ceiling. You came in complaining of a head cold and wound up getting a Pap smear. But shouldn't the speculum feel cold? He must know your body better than you do.



A lot of his patients apparently had psychological problems, for an estimated half of them were unable to have intercourse again. Most of those who were still able to fuck reported screeching pain during and after the act. Others experienced repeated infections and couldn't piss without spraying everything like a lawn sprinkler.

Since rape's likelihood increases proportionally with one's ability to incapacitate the victim, it shouldn't be surprising that anesthesiologists are well-represented among doctors who rape. And for sheer nerve, Sacramento's William Eugene Miofsky's dick juts high above the rest. Not only would he shove his limp pee-pee into the mouths of patients he'd recently anesthetized, thrusting and shimmying until he got hard and blew his gob, *he'd do it while stunned nurses stood around watching him*. Medical assistants tried to report Miofsky more than once, but their story seemed so far-fetched that no one believed them. Miofsky was finally arrested after one patient's mouth scrapings revealed healthy schools of sperm swimming downstream.

Do you masturbate? How often do you have sexual intercourse with your husband? Do you reach orgasm while doing so? What sort of positions do you and your husband use while making love? I can see you're very tight, so we're going to have to dilate you. Ummm...THERE. I realize that it hurts, but once you get past the pain, you'll be able to have satisfying sex with your husband. Oh, darn, it fell out again—could you use your hand to guide it in? That's my finger on your clitoris—does that feel good? OK, never mind. It's time for a tonsil exam. I want you to close your eyes while I place this instrument in your mouth. Now suck hard, as if you were sucking on a baby bottle. You remember being a baby, don't you?

And so went the questions for over twenty years as Dr. John Story raped female Mormon patients in the isolated shit-kicker town of Lovell, Wyoming. First came the probing questions. Then the probing fingers. Then the probing cock, which by all accounts was a big, brown, King of the Rodeo-style longhorn. Countless warm, hot doctor-wads spurted between the bleeding legs of Mormettes. "Tonsil tests" were performed on twelve-year-olds. It lasted until 1984, when the Brigham Young of medical rape was sent away to jail, possibly to receive his own "dilations."

At least Dr. Young Soo Koo was sly enough to dope 'em up before he fucked them. Beginning in 1982 until his conviction ten years later, the Hammond, Indiana, family physician received complaints of sexual assault from at least seven women, one of whom alleged more than fifty pelvic exams which devolved into rape. (It really begs the question—why did you keep going back, lady?) Koo usually shot up his victims with megadoses of tranquilizers and waited until they were sprawled out helpless on the examination table before fiercely inserting his economy-sized "speculum."

There's a slight sting from the needle's tip, then a warm, flowing feeling, and then you're out cold. Then he places red shoes on your feet. Then he fucks you and snaps a few blackmail photos of you unconscious and spread-eagled. You wake up, sign your insurance forms, and leave. A year or two later, police show you the pictures. An angry red knot, as red as the shoes he propped on your feet, tightens in your stomach. You didn't even realize you had been raped. Police found fifty-six photographs of unconscious, red-shoe-wearing women in the possession of Chicago internist William Dishuk, who tap-danced his way up the river in 1987.

California gynecologist Ivan Namihas wasn't nearly so methodical. In fact, he seemed to have little patience for anything. While one of his patients was going through labor contractions, he allegedly fucked his nurse in the broom closet. And rather than waiting for nature's rhythms to take their course, he reportedly performed an unnecessary Caesarean section on a woman so he wouldn't be late for a skiing vacation. At least one hundred and forty patients

complained of Ivan the Gynecological's sexual intrusions. Instead of lingering around for the boring, interminable legal proceedings against him, Namihas reportedly fled the country in 1992.

If you ever wondered what goes on in your doctor's mind as he examines your shivering nakedness, wonder no more—it's obscene. So bring a friend, a gun, and a videocam to your next gyno exam, ladies. Cover your gushy ass, because the rhetorical question, "What's up, Doc?" was never meant to be answered with, "My DICK." ■

HOLY MEN

I was a very sick man while I was a Roman Catholic priest in the 1960s. As a result of my illness, I sexually abused a number of children....There could have been quite a few. If it was one, ten, or a hundred, whatever it was, it happened....What led me to do the things that I did is still somewhere in me. Every time I look into the mirror, my mind makes me see the monster that I was. My conduct will stain my life until I die.

—The former Rev. James R. Porter, suspected of molesting as many as three hundred children

He said no one would believe me because he was a priest and I was a thirteen-year-old druggie.

—William Wood, who was repeatedly fondled by Massachusetts priest John R. Hanlon

I believe God has a twisted sense of humor, and he uses me for his amusement.

—Unidentified victim of molestation by friars at St. Anthony's Seminary, Santa Barbara, California

I could see worms inside of her, demons inside of her, so I knew she was a prostitute....I felt like I was performing a mission for God, to search and find prostitutes and help get them off the streets and come back to God....I wanted them to remember me as the one who helped them.

—Joseph Brian Socha, self-declared "St. Peter, Messenger of the Lord," convicted of raping and torturing five godless harlots in Long Beach, California

But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

—Matthew 19:14

Although never bugged by a priest, I was an altar boy when I was around ten or eleven. My main duty, apart from wearing an ankle-length gown, was to ensure that the flesh and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ wouldn't fall on the floor and get soiled.

Pretty heavy job. Catholics are weird about the sacred, delicious body of Christ. Their doctrine of transubstantiation maintains that after a priest consecrates bread and wine during Mass, it ceases to be Christ's *metaphoric* flesh and blood and becomes his *actual* body tissue. When the wafer is placed on your tongue and you sip from the chalice, the church claims that you are *literally* cannibalizing Jesus. They really *believe* that, although they don't explain why the wafer still tastes like a rice cake, the wine like monkey piss. So, since it would be sacrilegious to drop some Christ Flakes onto the ground, my mission was to hold a copper plate with a large handle like a lollipop under the throats of churchgoers as they received Holy Communion. If even a crumb fell to the ground and I stepped on it, I might as well have been kicking Jesus in the face. So I was quiet and careful. The priest and I would work from left to right along a wall-to-wall row of kneeling papist drones.

"The body of Christ," said the priest to each celebrant as he held a thin white wafer six inches in front of their schnozzola.

Hands folded and eyes closed, the worshiper would be kneeling. "Amen," he'd say, sticking out his tongue, his tobacco-stained taste buds standing on end waiting for the pathetic white bingo chip. He was eager to have the body of Jesus placed in his mouth.

There was usually a meekness in the communicant's demeanor, whether male or female, which made me want to crucify them right then and there. Kneeling obediently, with their eyelids fluttering and their mouths open like yawning mine shafts, they looked as if they were sucking off truckers through roadside glory holes.

But why blow a trucker when there are so many priests? Ain't no bigger dick than God's. The Lord could choke the earth with that hammer of his. He's God. He invented dicks. He can do whatever he pleases. So on the seventh day, he rested.

On the eighth, he went trolling for little boys.

Jesus was a chicken hawk. If he turned water into wine, I can turn you into a punk. The flesh is weak. Priests have needs, too, you know. You see, the Lord made all the beasts of the field and every fish in the sea. He counts every hair on your head and every vein in this cock which I'm slowly sliding all the way inside you. Jesus shed a lot of blood to save us.

Heaven knows there's nothing sinful about you giving up a little blood, too.

It's my flesh, your blood. You can really learn a lot from me as I skewer your ass like the spear which was thrust into Christ's side. It's the apostolic tradition: the blood of the Lamb, chalicefuls of blood from all the martyrs, and all those red stains in the back of altar boys' underwear.

To tell you the truth, I don't know Jesus. I turned to religion by default. I'm just a lonely middle-aged man in this Catholic convention hotel room. And here you are, so soft and young, stretched-out naked on the bed watching cartoons. You're the best I can do. So we'll watch TV for a little while. We'll even order room service. But I'm going to make you bleed tonight.

James R. Porter was a holy man who wormed his way into many holes. Porter violated at least a hundred victims during the mid-sixties in Massachusetts, where he was shuffled between three parishes, raping his way through each like a scythe cutting through wheat. When the church realized they had a chronic sexual predator on their hands, they sent him to a facility for "troubled priests" in New Mexico. In 1969, with Porter "rehabilitated," he was reassigned to a church in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, where the consequences were less than pleasant for several boys. Porter was again quietly moved to a church in Minnesota, where at least a dozen more young Catholic men received his spermy anointing. At this writing, Porter is considered the most prolific pedophile priest in church history. "He's a rare bird," said a psychiatrist specializing in clergy abuse.

After leaving countless wrecked souls and bloody assholes in his wake, Porter left the priesthood in 1974. He married shortly thereafter and fathered four children. In the late 1980s, not knowing when to call it quits, he molested his children's baby-sitter.

Around the same time, memories of Father Porter began flooding Frank Fitzpatrick's mind. He remembered a game—hockey or basketball—at Boston Garden back in 1962. Fitzpatrick was around twelve at the time. Father Porter had promised to take Fitzpatrick and another boy to the game, but they got sidetracked. After dinner, Porter offered Frank some mincemeat pie. Disliking the taste, Frank stopped eating it after a nibble or two. "EAT IT," Porter snarled, and Fitzpatrick obeyed. You don't disobey a priest. The next thing Fitzpatrick remembers is waking up with his ass a little wider and Porter's sweaty face perched over him.

Suspicious that he hadn't been Porter's only victim, Fitzpatrick placed ads in Boston newspapers requesting corroboration from other injured parties. Responses flew in like a plague of anal locusts.





There were stories of Porter removing his clerical collar "so God couldn't see him" while he finger-fucked little girls. Tales of Porter getting sucked off in cars. Slipping his hand down boys' swimsuits at the beach. Squirting his cum on bare asses in the church basement. Covering his victims' mouths while fucking them so no one could hear the screams. Receiving a hand job in a little boy's bedroom while the child's parents sat unsuspecting in the kitchen. And indulging his favorite perversion, "doggy humping," in which Porter would encourage groups of

boys to wrestle while he stood watching in a corner, pumping his rod.

Schooled in papal infallibility, Porter's victims were taught to blame themselves for what happened to them. Many of them showed the clichéd marks of sexual abuse: failed marriages, dope dependency, suicide attempts, nightmares, distrust of authority, sexual dysfunction, institutionalization, and the ardent hatred which results from being violated. Facing a virtual churchful of angry accusers, Porter bargained for an eighteen-year prison sentence.

Like Jesus, Porter was a sensitive guy. Almost as sensitive as Massachusetts priest John Hanlon, who plied boys with beer, strutted them around at a nude beach, and once molested a thirteen-year-old boy as the lad reclined in a hospital bed, recuperating from testicular surgery.

At this point in time, the term "pedophile priest" comes close to being a redundancy. Clerical gadfly Father Andrew Greeley has reckoned that in the last two decades, two-and-a-half thousand priests have "said Mass" between the legs of a hundred thousand young believers. According to author Jason Berry, the Catholic church shelled out nearly a half-billion dollars in sex-related settlement and hush money from 1984 to 1992.

During the 1930s, the Nazis launched a large-scale prosecution of ped-priests. Within four years of Hitler's power-grab, an estimated three-and-a-half thousand priests and monks were convicted of crimes against the state, many of them sexual in nature. *Voelkischer Beobachter*, a Nazi Party newspaper, asserted that "the Roman masculine league" consisted of "sexual criminals in priestly robes" who oversaw monasteries which had devolved into "breeding places of homosexuality."

With an eye on America's current glut of clerical sex offenders, it's difficult to dismiss the Nazi campaign as mere anti-church propaganda. But as sordid as the situation is in this century, imagine the abuses which occurred during the Middle Ages, when the Pope had a chicken-choke grip on most of Europe. Think of all the torture racks and hot molten lead and seminarians' screams silenced by tall monastery walls.

Of course, you don't need to be Catholic to rape in God's name; all you need, really, is God's name. Sleazy tent-show evangelist Mario "Tony" Leyva would whisper into the ears of boys at his revival meetings, hinting at acts for which he'd be stoned to death back in biblical times. Known for wearing a Superman costume and calling himself "Super Christian," the sweaty Elvoid pedophile was convicted in 1988 of interstate transportation of boys for prostitution.

Over a thirty-year career of Bible-thumping, Leyva is thought to have thumped at least *eight hundred* young soldiers of Jesus. Super Christian, indeed.

Entitlement. That's all it takes. The calling. The ordination. The blessing. The cosmic excuse to rape.

While he was hacking off their hair and slicing upside-down crosses on their backs, Joseph Brian Socha called himself "St. Peter, Messenger of the Lord." The self-proclaimed "vigilante for God" tooled through the SoCal provinces of Long Beach and San Pedro (that's "St. Peter" *en español*) in a brown Volvo with smoked windows, preying on the prostitutes he hated. The prostitutes he would threaten and rape and cut and buttfuck and dump on the streets naked. The prostitutes whose souls he sought to save.

He *had* to fuck them, he explained, because the cunt "was the hardest part to cleanse. That's the part of the body they used most. That was the dirtiest." When he forced his cock up a jailbait hooker's ass like a battering ram breaking down a crack-house door, he was teaching her to walk the straight-and-narrow. When he made some trollop blow him at knifepoint, he was hinting that she should clean up her act. When he commanded her to bite down on his knife and threatened to cut her smile open from ear-to-ear, he was merely trying to save her from the streets.

Socha was a former Catholic altar boy who at age seven was notified by an angel that he had the heart of St. Peter. (How St. Peter continued to function without his heart wasn't made clear.) Socha had converted to Mormonism before launching on his mission of rape/terror/purification. He purified at least five street tarts before his arrest in 1990. His lawyers, who couldn't save him from the benediction of a hundred-and-seventeen-year prison sentence, were hard pressed to explain his actions. "He intended their salvation," rationalized a shrink hired for the defense. "He could not form intent to commit a crime. He did these things out of goodwill."

It's good to be God. I want you to kneel down. Close your eyes. Open your mouth.

The body of Christ.

Amen. ■

